

MOSHE FRYMERMAN

# From The Depths of Hope

# *From The Depths of Hope*

Moshe Frymerman

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 CONTENTON**NOW**



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## *Instead of an Introduction*

And these are the things  
Which I wrote  
On the doorposts of my heart  
For them to bear witness  
To my soul's feelings

From a dream's distance  
I have reached where I am  
A goblet of poison  
I drank the whole dram

A moment of celebration I stole for myself  
On a day which was gloomy  
A spark of light I chiseled myself  
So it could warm me

Bright skies  
And blue sea  
There passed an era filled with despair  
Time covered all that was there.

1965

# *From Great Depths to Heaven*

Blessing of the day  
Supreme sunrise  
Shining light flowing  
At every site and corner

Blessing of the sea  
In blue green and white  
Teeming and talking  
Misunderstood sound

Blessing of the sky from heaven  
For every insect bug and existing

And the blessing of man  
Blessing of day  
From great depths  
To heaven.

*June 6, 2002*

## *Mother*

With broken leg and full of hunger  
You left the house  
With your youngest child and first born daughter  
And with the rest of your neighbors  
To the wagon you went in  
Your last journey to begin  
An angel from heaven did not descend  
Nor did deliverance itself present  
Your daughter you pushed from the cart  
To your people you had to depart  
With the child you held close to your heart

## *Who Shall Reveal*

Who shall reveal the dirt from your eyes father  
And you saw your people who were murdered  
With you and your two sons and wife —  
Resurrected

Fighting battles and winning  
Like Jacob when wrestling  
With God and people and triumph  
And in the name of Israel was crowned,

And the land which you yearned so  
To see in your own eyes —  
Blossomed, flourished and beautified,

And the language of old  
Mother tongue of your grandchildren---  
As a thing so obvious,

Who shall reveal the dirt from your eyes  
And you'd know: Your life futile  
Was not  
Some of your dreams came true.

*January 16, 2003*

*Me*

— and when the urge comes to horrify me:  
What awaits you at your end —  
I protest and reply:  
That which will be will be

It continues to frighten me:  
When your strength subsides — what shall you be  
I shall express and utter in reply:  
That which I will be I'll be

And if I cease at all to be  
I shall not be gloomy  
For then after all my body  
Will no longer be me.

*November 26, 2001*

## *I Wanted to Sing*

I wanted to write  
About scenery of beauty  
And I recalled:  
A young life reached its end

I wanted to write  
Green fields  
And virgin forests —  
Where multitudes of erased people marched  
From the land of the living forever

I wanted to sing a song  
Beautiful and new —  
Human beings drowning in murder  
And you speak song?

*February 4, 2002*

# *As Long*

As long  
As the sword from sheath  
Was not drawn

We can dream  
And wonder  
Think a thought

About one of which who sinned  
And of a demon that came out  
Of a bottle which was opened

— and when ends all  
Done will be all  
And it is worst of all

And the annoying query  
When we wake  
Will we do all

At the time and era  
Before it is drawn  
The sword from its sheath.

*October 28, 2002*

## *The Small Vessels*

The small vessels  
Which we disregarded  
Us as well as our fathers  
And which we forgot on the way

As if worthless —  
Their absence is that which destroys us

Great passages  
We have crossed  
Blizzards and snowstorms  
Intense winds

Few of us are left.

And the small vessels  
With their large contents  
We did not return to our hands

And they still wait  
Out there  
In the peaks of heaven  
Or desert sea

*February 16, 2001*

# *Who Designed for me the Path*

— and who designed for me the path  
And built me bridges  
Over passing great depths

Steel and paper bridges  
And how to untangle the thicket  
Without getting tangled  
Like a deer with its antlers

My feet wander in the maze  
Step after step  
Feeling for the path  
Not to falter in step

The destination unknown  
The goal out there  
All is bizarre and unclear  
Even if seven will fall and rise.

*April 2001*

# *A Stone from a Wall*

A stone from a wall  
And one that awakens with call  
Their shout in the calm

Only one who may possess  
Ears of the soul  
Will hear and assess  
A cry so awful

The voice of blood  
Crying from earth  
Spark of the soul hearing

The voice of silence  
Slicing in space  
A small weak voice.

*August 26, 2001*

## *Upon Seeing*

Upon seeing a knife  
Terror attacked me  
For I knew in which way  
It is used by my breed

Upon seeing a city  
With all of its treats —  
How desolately  
They are in its streets

All is crushed and compressed  
Expressions of things —  
From the lips out is professed

The good and the bad  
The beautiful and loathsome  
Together as one do dwell

*July 22, 2001*

## *Who Revealed*

Who revealed this secret  
And others to my sons  
A creation rose upon its creator  
Destroying all in its way

Building towers to the sky  
Rising to the moon and stars  
Penetrating the maze of creation  
The secrets of production and life

The north I left him in disorder  
So that he shall learn and complete  
The world as it is

And be he an instrument for destroying  
Building for them without stopping  
Himself a prey becoming

*December 29, 2002*